

Duke of Weimer, among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet awhile.

The future hides in it  
Good hap and sorrow;  
We press still thorow;  
Naught that abides in it  
Daunting us.—Onward."

The several topics of this work, in name, seem very distinct and separate from each other, but in spirit they have a vital connection with each other, and form a complete unity in the whole. No period in the life of a nation is independent, no period stands by itself and alone; every period reproduces history—and is modified by influences which history carries onward. Thus, to understand the present complex nature of English society, we must trace how many elements have entered into its formation—and how these elements have been combined and developed in the progress of events. Not the least important elements in the constitution of English civilization—as of European civilization generally—were the feudal and the ecclesiastical. The Baron and the Monk for some centuries gave the law, and shared dominion. Their persons may have disappeared from our modern forms, but the spirit of the Past never entirely dies; nor is that of Baron and of Monk extinct even in an age of cotton mills. To understand, therefore, even an age of cotton mills, in a country where the Baron and the Monk had lived, we must not exclude them from our consideration, or else, we shall have but an imperfect estimate. Carlyle, therefore, with that sagacious insight, which distinguishes his genius, passes in review before us, *The Ancient Monk*, to prepare us for *The Modern Worker*. The civilization of chivalry and church had not departed even externally from England, before the civilization of manufactures and commerce had attained no mean degree of power. Now, that arms are sinking beneath tools, and the *breccia* behind the Ledger-Book, there is yet the result of a social condition in which heterogeneous principles have been at work, that have never coalesced with the disorder and disease, which are the inevitable consequences of such a state. But the crisis is come; and now the problem is to get through it—to avoid a fatal termination and to start anew with increased and recovered health. The difficulty is, to reconcile interests without destroying them: to lose nothing which may be a means of true elevation; to harmonise all the social elements into unity and strength. Two points, however, press with dire necessity, and whatever else be thought of in later speculation, these must be attended to *instantly*. First, the people must be fed; secondly, they must be taught; and these things can brook no delay. Much may

be done, if men will think seriously; much may be done by earnest purpose; by friendly combination, by honest compromise; and there is one hope in a tendency which is growing either from increase of principle, or the pressure of the times; and that is, men incline less to fiction and more to truth—and hope the clouds will pass and leave all fertility behind them; and if England is never again to be merrie, let her at least be prosperous.

## EARTH.

BY E. J. D.

FAVORITE of Heaven! Oh, love-circled Earth!—  
Clothed with light, and crown'd with stately wood;  
Well might high angels sing thy glorious birth,  
And Deity Himself pronounce thee "good."

Well might pure spirits wander through thy bowers,  
And while thy scenes of beauty overwhelm,  
Forget a while the sweet unlying flowers,  
That blossom in their own eternal realm.

Well may man's breast beat with triumphant joy—  
Well may his foot tread proud thy fragrant sod—  
Well may his heart forget Sh's dark alloy,  
And wish such scenes eternal as his God.

Oh, beauteous Earth! with hill and gentle dales,  
And mighty mountains, and wild waterfalls—  
Thy solemn forests, and thy quiet vales,  
And the blue sky hung lovingly o'er all—

Must they all perish? are they doomed to fade?  
Hushed be all sounds of human joy or mirth;  
Nature, a scene of blackened ashes laid!  
Is this thy doom? Alas! my mother Earth!

Calm thee, my soul—in God's all-loving eye,  
Each thing is dear—a sparrow is of worth;  
Pour forth thy grateful incense to the sky,  
Eternal, lovely, renovated Earth!

## THE MOUNTAIN AIR.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

RAVE not to me of your sparkling wine,  
Bid not for me the goblet shine,  
My soul is athirst for a draught more rare,  
A gush of the free, fresh mountain air.

It wafts on its current the rich perfume,  
Of the purple heath and the honied broom;  
The golden furze and the hawthorn fair,  
Shed all their sweets to the mountain air.

It plays round the bark and the mossy stone,  
Where the violet droops like a nun alone;  
Shrouding her eyes from the noontide glare,  
Yet breathing her soul to the mountain air.

It gives to my spirits a tone of mirth,  
I bound with joy o'er the new drenched earth,  
When spring has scattered her jewels there,  
And laden with balm the mountain air.

From Nature's fountain my nectar flows—  
'Tis the essence of each sweet bud that blows;  
Then come—and with me the banquet share,  
Let us quaff together the mountain air.